The People's Advocate.

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Labor.

There's a never-dying chorus
  Breaking on the human ear,
In the busy town before us
  Voices loud, and deep, and clear.
This is labor's endless ditty;
  This is toil's prophetic voice,
Sounding through the town and city,
  Bidding human hearts rejoice.
Sweeter than the poet's singing
  Is that anthem of the free;
Blither is the anvil's ringing
  Than the song of bird or bee.
There's a glory in the rattle
  Of the wheels 'mid factory gloom;
Richer than e'er snatched from battle
  Are the trophies of the loom.
See the skilful mason raising
  Gracefully yon towering pile;
Round the forge and furnace blazing,
  Stand the noble men of toil.
They are heroes of the people,
  Who the wealth of nations raise;
Every dome, and spire, and steeple
  Raise their heads in labor's praise.
Glorious men of truth and labor.
  Shepherds of the human fold,
That shall lay the brand and sabre
  With the barbarous things of old.
Priests and prophets of creation,
  Bloodless heroes in the fight,
Toilers for the world's salvation,
  Messengers of peace and light.
Speed the plough and speed the harrow;
  Peace and plenty send abroad;
Better far the spade and barrow
  Than the cannon or the sword.
Each invention, each improvement,
  Renders weak oppression's rod;
Every sign and every movement
  Brings us nearer truth and God.

THE LADY BLANCHE LIFE-BOAT.

He was drunk as usual on his watch, though there was a big gale blowing out at sea, with gathering signs of a storm overhead; and it might be that the life-boat would have some work to do before morning.

But what did Peter Pencorrow care about the lifeboat, except for the salary of £1 a week which he drew as its custodian? Nobody in the village of Polloot had looked with kindly eye on the arrival of this foolish boat—as they called it—which was to take the "harvesting" out of their mouths. For the population were wreckers to a man and woman, and they termed it "harvesting" when some well-freighted ship was driven on to the great Needle Rock off their coast and went to pieces.

Such accidents happened too rarely for their taste—once a year or thereabouts, and the booty was often miserably small. But there had been years within the memory of some of the inhabitants, who were not yet old, when a dozen vessels of all sizes had foundered in a single winter, and when the luck of the wreckers had been large. It was in a winter of this kind that old Peter Pencorrow had made his fortune. He was young then, and it was said that he had picked up a package of diamonds from the Brazil as his share of the spoils. Anyhow, he disappeared from Polloot, and went to live in London, like a gentleman, as some supposed; though others affirmed that he ran through his money pretty fast, and went through a multitude of queer adventures afterwards. Twenty-five years after his departure he returned to the village with a boy of sixteen and a girl one year younger; and soon afterwards he was appointed custodian of the lifeboat Lady Blanche, which had been presented to Polloot by the rich and good Cornish Earl, and christened after his favorite daughter.

Peter Pencorrow was not liked at Polloot. It was said that he had "blown the gaff." He was accused of having, while steward on board an ocean steamer, told a number of ugly stories to the Earl and Lady Blanche, who were returning home from a tour in America; insomuch that my lord and his daughter had made a vow to dedicate a lifeboat at once to the salvation of human life. There was some talk of blasting the Needle Rock, and erecting a lighthouse on that dangerous part of the coast. Engineers had come to take soundings, and their operations had been watched with sullen wrath. Harold Trecorpe, the biggest, most scowling fisherman in the village—a fellow whose face looked murder, and whose mouth never opened without a curse—had sworn that if he hanged for it Pencorrow should never live to see a life saved by his boat nor a vessel warned of danger by the beacon of a lighthouse. Before long, however, Peter Pencorrow ceased to be so much hated. He was a worthless scamp, always drunk, and his chosen companion came to be Harold Trecorpe, who had several times threatened his life. Drunken men are not dangerous, save to themselves, at least such is the popular idea, and Harold used to laugh an odd mocking laugh when anybody talked of what things the Lady Blanche would do with her signals, her rockets, and all her costly and complete apparatus for salvage the first time that a vessel stood in peril of touching on that dangerous Needle.

Three years passed, and the lifeboat did nothing. They happened to be exceptionally disastrous years from the Polllooters' point of view, for though wrecks enough took place on other parts of the coast, no craft of any consequence foundered on the Needle. By this time Harold Trecorpe was captain of the lifeboat's crew. He and seven other men received twelve pounds a year apiece from the Earl to go out practicing sometimes with the boat, and to hold themselves in readiness at any time when their services might be wanted. If they saved lives, they were to have each a bounty of one pound on every human head rescued. Nay, they were to have fifteen shillings, too, for every dead human body they brought to shore. Thus had the Earl and his daughter tried to enlist the cupidity of these men on the side of humanity, hoping, may be, that some higher agencies would work too for the reclaiming of a population as barbarous and debased as any in these isles.

Peter Pencorrow lived in a pretty house which his patron had built for him near the large white shed where the lifeboat was kept. There was a pharmacy in the place, with two rooms holding three beds each, which were to be reserved for half-drowned men and women who might be drawn out of the sea; and there were a great number of useful appliances for restoring lives that might be just flickering out. Sometimes the Earl and Lady Blanche would drive to the village to see if everything was in good order; but since their carriage could be seen five miles off as it wound down the steep road on the rock side, leading to Polloot, Peter and his daughter Meg always had about an hour's notice to set things tidy. Peter now lived alone with his daughter Margaret. His son had left him in disgust to enlist, and Meg only remained with him because there was nothing else for her to do. She had been cursed at and cudgelled by him all through her childhood; she had been his druge, his scapegoat in every one of those drunken fits of his which recurred daily, and her body bore marks of brutal kicks he had given her when she was a little thing, with limbs still tender and weak. But now she had grown up to be a tall, strong girl, with a tanned face and a determined look, so that Peter was afraid of her. He used to hide his money from her, as a bad boy does from his mother, and if she wanted anything for household expenses she had to search his pockets when he was dead drunk. However, more than £30 out of £52 a year used to melt in drink, and Margaret had to eke out a subsistence for himself and her by making nets and shrimping. Sometimes Lady Blanche used to give her a sovereign, and this, too, helped the household along.

Margaret had a wild, dogged sort of attractiveness in her appearance. She never wore shoes or stockings, and her black hair fell down her back in one thickly plaited tress. A red handkerchief formed her head covering and was tied under her chin; her rough, brown arms were always bare to the elbow. Harold Trecorpe had cast his eyes upon the girl from the time when she was seventeen, but she hated him. The first time he tried some rough piece of gallantry on her she caught up the stump of a broken oar to protect herself and merely glared at him, without saying a word. On another occasion, when he came behind her unawares and took her by the chin, she lifted a heavy fishing net, all bronzed with age and salt, and dashed it in his face with such violence that he was knocked down on the shingle.

"Curse yo', girl," he swore as he picked himself up. "Yo' wouldn't have done that to Mark Brathwaite; but let him look to himself if he crosses me."

"If yo' lay a finger on Mark Brathwaite yo'll have to look to yosself," answered Margaret, contemptuously; and Harold contented himself with scowling at her from that time.

Mark Brathwaite was Margaret's second lover—a fair-haired boy, about her own age, whom she had saved from drowning one windy day, when he had been dashed out of his fishing boat by a flap of a loosened sail, which had hit him on the head and stunned him. Margaret had swam a couple of furlongs in a tumbling sea to effect the rescue, and Mark Brathwaite had loved her from the moment when he opened his eyes and found her bending over him and breathing life into his body vigorously from her own lungs. Margaret, however, treated him like a younger brother. He was the only human being who could draw a smile from her, but he was not the man to teach her what love was, though he tried hard and made himself pretty wretched in the attempt.

Sometimes Peter Pencorrow's daughter, sitting outside her father's house on fine afternoons to make nets, would drop her hands into her lap and look out with a dull, wistful expression over the sea, so broad, blue and mysterious. Her finely-shaped head might have been a storehouse of knowledge and great thoughts, bnt it was empty. She could neither read nor write; she knew nothing of the world except in its most sordid aspects of dire poverty, drunkenness and brutality. She had never set foot in a church, and had no idea of a God save that she had heard and believed that there was something above those skies which were now so golden with sunlight, now so black with thunder. Occasionally such natural impulses of good as were in the girl's heart would well up in short scraps of advice which she gave to Mark Brathwaite: "Mark, yo'll not get drunk like father. There's no good in drink;" or, "Mark, if I were a mon, I'd learn summut and become a scholard."

This is what Margaret Pencorrow was at eighteen, and on the night alluded to in the first line of this story, when her worthless father stood, drunk as usual, on his watch, and unheedful of the storm that was gathering.

* * * * *

The storm broke presently with frightful fury. Long streaks of lightning rent the skies, and the waves were dashed upon the shore with a roaring as loud as the thunder. In despite of the deluge of rain the crew of the lifeboat came to the shed to get all in readiness, and a great many other fishermen and their wives trooped out of the cottages; but this was only because sleep on such a night was impossible. Most of the eyes that looked seawards with expectant glances were rather hoping for a profitable wreck than eager for a chance to save life.

Margaret stood in the shed with Mark Braithwaite beside her, Harold Trecorpe being on the other side of the boat. The occasional glow of the pipe he was smoking lit up his rugged face and made it seem fiendish as he cursed the ill-luck that had fallen upon Polloot, and expressed his conviction that the lifeboat had "witched" the place, driving wrecks off it. "Dong yo'," cried he, striking his fist on the boat's side. "Yo've done us harm from the day yo coom here! Yo hev'."

Suddenly there was a cry from every one under the shed: "A light; a blue light. Look, there's another!"

Far off in the offing there was a ship in distress sending up blue lights. They rose swift and pale, then burst into a bright gleam and vanished. Harold Trecorpe uttered a shout of exultation. "It's a big ship," cried he. "Here, gie us the blue rockets, girl."

"What for the blue rockets?" asked Margaret, who was standing near a box of fire signals. "Ye must burn three red lights first to warn 'em the coast's dangerous. Then three blue 'uns to say the lifeboat's coming. That's what my lord told me."

"Cuss your lord and yo' too," blurted out Harold, savagely, as he ran around to the other side of the boat. "Here, lads, bear a hand and heave this girl out."

"Harold, I'll fire a light in yo'r face if yo' come near me. Mark, keep that mon off," cried Margaret, panting, and seizing the lantern from Peter Pencorrow's drunken hands, she held a rocket at Harold's face as if it were a pistol.

But there were others besides Harold who wanted the ship to be wrecked, and several of the lifeboat's crew were among them. They were willing enough to go out with the boat by-and-by, but they wanted the vessel to be wrecked first. These scoundrels drove Margaret and Mark Brathwaite back, and it was resolved among them that no lights should be burned at all for the present. In her energetic language unadorned, Margaret Pencorrow hurled anathemas at them, but they only laughed, and snddenly the girl vanished through the crowd with Mark Brathwaite.

Where had they gone? For several moments their disappearance was not noticed, but suddenly a broad sheet of lightning, that lit up the whole coast, showed the girl and the boy running as hard as they could down the shore in the direction of the Needle Rock. The tide was coming in fast, but it was evidently Meg's object to get near the rock before it. Why? They learned presently. A loud hiss, a blaze of red light and up went a red rocket; then another; then a third. Three danger signals rose rapidly, one after another, under the eyes of the enraged wreckers. Then all became blackness again. The storm rumbled away, and no more blue lights were burned out at sea. Margaret had rushed off with the red rockets, which had probably warned the distressed ship to keep clear of the treacherous coast. Anyhow, the ship was not wrecked nor heard of again.

Nor was Margaret Pencorrow ever seen again or heard of. Mark Brathwaite, returning pale, exhausted and half crazed at daybreak, announced that she had suddenly been swept away by a wave, but whither he knew not, though he had swum, and dived, and sought for hours, risking his life twenty times. "God knows where she went," he cried, sobbing.

And doubtless God did know.

* * * * *

At present there is no more Needle Rock off Polloot. Lady Blanche had it blasted, and a fine lighthouse has been erected where it stood, to warn vessels of the other dangerous rocks in the vicinity. It is called "The Margaret Lighthouse," and Mark Brathwaite is the keeper of it.—*London Truth.*

Handles to Our Names.

The French love titles with all the power of their frivolous hearts. And so a shrewd statesman, well aware of this weakness, has introduced a bill providing that any man who agrees to pay the government four thousand dollars a year shall have the right to dub himself a duke; for half that sum a man may call himself a marquis, and for half that again one may become a count. Those who cannot afford these figures can buy some of the minor titles according to a regular sliding scale. In this way M. Jourbert thinks that twenty millions of dollars a year could easily be raised and a large number of idiots be made unspeakably happy. Don't laugh at this idea—we are not sure that such a plan would not find favor in the sight of many of our title-worshippers, who are as anxious to add "handles" to their names as the French; and if they are willing to pay for them there are no very great objections why they should not be indulged in their folly. As it is, we have more "honorables," "generals," "judges," "colonels" and "esquires" than any country in the world. The distinctions, however, have become so common that they are scarcely prized any more. The only American title of any value now is that of "boss," and even that has fallen into such disrepute of late years that it is no longer very much coveted. But to be genuine marquis, count or baron—what luck, boss!

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

European Peasant Girls.

At Wurtemberg a bride is dressed very gorgeously. She may be seen in something resembling a smoking-cap of pale blue velvet, and richly embroidered with gold, and a bunch of blue ribbons hung down over each ear, and a white chemise with long sleeves, a bodice of crimson slashed with blue and orange, and a white skirt displaying two under petticoats, one of deep blue and the other of scarlet and orange. About Turingia the peasant girls hide every scrap of hair most carefully, and arrange a parti-colored handkerchief on their heads so as to resemble a sugar-loaf with the top cut off. One very pretty girl happened to possess a beautiful head of hair; it was not only long and abundant, but what is not quite as common in these parts, fine and silky in texture. She was inspired by her evil genius to display her treasure, and was even bold enough to wear it in two plaits which reached to the ground; but custom cannot there be defied with impunity any more than it can be here. Those who lacked both courage and hair to enable them to follow her fashion were loud in disapprobation. The poor girl was railed at and called *ein frechesmadchen*, a village flirt, and a bold, immodest maiden; finally she succumbed, her hair was again concealed from the gaze of the vulgar, and she quickly obtained a husband as the reward of her self-denial and docility.

Fashion Notes.

Poppies are very fashionable.

Oxeyes rival daises in popular favor.

Lace is the correct trimming for foulard silks.

The high novelty of the moment is Japanese crape.

Red and yellow ombre feathers are very fashionable.

Gigot puffs begin to be seen at the top of shirred sleeves.

White is again the festival dress for the summer of 1881.

Light scarf-like mantles will be worn tied in a loop in front.

Doubled-faced cambrics showing one side black and the other side gray are much used for lining grenadines.

Pretty kerchiefs for the neck are made of cream-white pongee with a deep hemstitched border headed by fine silk embroidery.

Small balls of cut jet, loosely strung, are set between the Spanish lace flounces of walking-dresses meant for watering places.

Tan-colored gloves are growing scarce since it became the fashion to wear them in the evening as well as in the day time.

Puffs of mull, to be worn instead of ruffs, are called Medicis collarettes. They are made of the bias tulle, with a full puff at top and bottom, and shirring between them passing around the neck. A frill of lace is added below. Two soft mull puffs without lace are in the wrists of French dresses in lieu of frills.

The Ubiquitous Reporter.

The reporter is supposed to enjoy many privileges; he passes door-keepers and ticket-sellers unquestioned; he gains admittance everywhere; and generally being a cheerful, hail-fellow-well met sort of man, the enlightened public consider him highly favored in all respects. But, alack! his lot is not a happy one. He endures hardship and severe trials. In order to get the facts with which to construct his numerous articles, he must travel on an average five miles a day, an aggregate of fifteen hundred miles a year. During these perambulations he asks several thousand civil questions and gets several thousand uncivil answers; gets ordered out of offices and houses; has dozens of doors slammed in his face; is asked ten thousand questions and returns as many short but civil answers; gets into the circus once on a promise to give it a big send-off; is buttonholed thirteen hundred times by parties who desire to impart a good item about themselves; is welcomed wherever his pencil will put money into people's pockets or give them a little notoriety. However, he pays five cents a glass for beer, full rates for board, top prices for clothes, either walks or pays full fare on the street cars. While others are enjoying the opera, the social party, the circus, prayer-meetings, lectures, a game of cards, a turn on the roller-skates or marching with a political club, the reporter is wrestling with a mass of chaotic facts and endeavoring to get them into shape for you to read while you quietly dispatch your warm breakfast. He gets to bed at three o'clock in the morning, and between the annoyances of flies, noisy chambermaids and pencils of sunlight boring into his eyes, he does well to get seven hours' sleep by the time he is aroused at noon to get his breakfast. At two o'clock he reports at the office and begins the same old round of duties. Is this your idea of a free, untroubled life?

Appreciated Her.

A young lady who recently arrived at a Rocky Mountain mining camp proved so popular, that within a few hours after her appearance the delighted miners, many of whom had not seen so young and charming a person for years, flocked around her and gave her a bag of gold dust, a dog, a town lot, a year's subscription to the country newspaper, four tons of coal, a box in the postoffice and six bottles of soothing syrup. The soothing syrup will for two or three years to come be the most valuable present of them all.

The Lawyer's Boy.

Anybody who thinks that the boy employed around a lawyer's office has nothing to do but empty the paper basket, run to the postoffice, sweep the room and read the jokes of Blackstone, is grandly mistaken. A boy—that is, a prize of a boy, and one who will eventually become a great lawyer himself—has a heap on his mind, and no time for sling-shots or tops. Yesterday while a Detroit lawyer was in court, with his boy in charge of the office, a newspaper man who was hunting through the Moffat block stumbled upon the young attorney and was received with:

"Come right in. The papers in your case are ready to be signed."

"What case?"

"Application for divorce."

"But I'm not the man."

"Ain't you? Well, you look like him. Let's see? Are you the defendant in the Jones vs. Brown case of trespass? If so, I am to tell you that the case is put over until next Saturday, at the same hour in the afternoon."

"No, I am not Brown."

"Well, that's all right. Let's see again? I was to tell Ryan that his case against Peters for slander would not come on this term, and to suggest that he amend his declaration. You have not given the dates whereon the defendant called you a 'reptile' and a 'sneak.'"

"But I am not Ryan."

"Is that so? That's too bad, but perhaps you can't help it. Was it your wife who eloped with a man named Blake?"

"No."

"Then you are not Mr. Clem. I was to tell him that he forgot to state the particular time at which he first noticed a coldness in her demeanor. Let's see? Oh! there's that bigamy case. I was to say to the defendant that the prosecution appear to have hunted up and got hold of the testimony of a third female who claims to have married you in Toledo in 1864, and that your case looks shaky. We will, however, do our best to pull you through as we do all our clients."

"You are off again; I am not the man."

"Dear me, that's another. Well, all right, I was to say to any new client that Mr. ——— would be back in an hour. Come in and sit down and look over the city directory. We will take your case at the lowest cash price and do our level best to win it. Consult no other firm until you have given us a trial."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Hat.

Every schoolboy is familiar with the story of Gesler's hat, and how it was the indirect instrument of giving freedom to Switzerland, and of first developing the heroic spirit of William Tell—providing always that William Tell, Walter Furst, Arnold von Melchthal, and the rest ever had an existence out of the delusive library of legendary lore, and the busy brains of the romancers. The Phrygian "cap of liberty" on its pole stands in direct opposition to Gesler's hat in the market place at Altorf, yet patriots who would seem to have bowed to the Austrian's hat, very reverentially acknowledged the supremacy of the cap of liberty. The only rule which humanity will chiefly obey is the Rule of Contraries. Christians take off their hats when they pray, or when they enter a court of justice, as Jews put theirs upon their heads. A Turk accounts it an act at once degrading and irreligious to remove his head-covering—although, by-the-by, the Pasha of Egypt took off his "tarboosh" or "fez" the other day to the Princess of Wales: a fresh symptom that the Eastern question is rapidly approaching solution—but among Christian people, to lift the hat from the head is accounted a mark of profound respect, and even to point the finger upward toward the hat, or simply touch its brim, a work of extreme politeness. The instinct which makes the hat—either in its removal or irremoval aspect—an object of reverence is universal, and must spring from some psychological law of our nature.

But the hat has not been always a symptom of honor; it has sometimes been made an emblem of degradation. Abating one marked exception—that of the white night-cap, which, from motives of decorum, is drawn over the face of the unhappy wretch who is about to be hanged—it has been the universal practice, in all ages, to conduct criminals to execution bare-headed, nor do I know an instance of a soldier or sailor being flogged with his hat on; although such punishment is ordinarily inflicted in the open air. There have always been, nevertheless, certain hats or caps of contumely and of infamy, of which the simplest is the "dunce's cap" of our dame schools, called by dominies beyond the Tweed an "antic cap." A cap with bells has always been held typical of folly, and in the middle ages was especially affected by court fools. In some parts of Italy, Jews were once compelled by law to wear high yellow caps; in Lucca the prescribed color for the hat of an Israelite was a dark orange. But perhaps the most peculiar mark of distinction which the hat ever conferred on its wearer was in France, when bankrupt Jews were forced to wear a green hat, so that people might avoid losses by trading with them. I wonder whether this strange sumptuary law has anything to do with the slang phrase, "Do you see anything green about me?"

"Why, sir," said a client to his lawyer, "you are writing my bill on very rough paper." "Never mind," was the lawyer's reply, "it will have to be filed before it comes into court."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A lawyer's brief is very long,
  And Mr. White is black;
A man is dry when he is green,
  And when he's tight he's slack.
A fire is hot when it is coaled,
  A lamp is heavy, though it's light;
A shoe is bought when it is sold,
  A man can see when out of sight.

An exchange says that "the coming girl is to be prettier than the kind we now have." Impossible; there can be no improvement upon the original article.

Among New York's tragedies, was a husband and wife confined for intoxication in adjacent cells, and the wife hanging herself without a word to her companion.

Trout fishermen should regard it as a duty to kill every watershake seen along the streams, for they are said to destroy more trout than all the rest of their enemies combined.

"Your name is Dickie, isn't it? It's a pretty name, and I've called my poodle after you." Dickie doesn't know whether to bow his thanks or go out and take a look at the hat-rack.

The State of Iowa has had but ten Governors, and all but two are still alive. They ought to appoint a "Governor's Day" in Iowa and celebrate it with all the solemnities.

Partial records of the live stock interests of Texas show a yearly yield of something over 400,000 head of cattle. Eight dollars per head is about the average market price at San Antonio.

London dispatches say that Mrs. Edwin Booth whose condition was materially better after the arrival of her father, has suddenly become worse and she lies in a very critical condition.

Ex Gov. Bross of Illinois says that there was more drunkenness in Chicago when it had only 18,000 people than there is now. They must have had high old times then—in the early days of Chicago.

The Texas Legislature is going for the baggage smasher. "Any baggage-master, express agent or hack driver who shall maliciously or carelessly break or injure passengers' baggage shall be liable to a fine not exceeding $100."

"Oh, Angelina," said Agnes, "Miss Gentian, on meeting Mr. Thorn, with whom she had a quarrel last week, turned as red as fire and would not even look at him. What do you think of that?" "I think it was a clear case of hate-red."

"You old vulture, you!" she exclaimed, when he hinted that five bonnets a year were enough for any ordinary woman. Next day, when he relented and told her to order a sixth, it would have made an angel smile to hear her sweetly call him "Birdie."

The Isle of Man.

There is a patch in the Irish sea called the Isle of Man. On a sunny day the highlands of Ulster, in Ireland, and of Galloway, in Scotland, are visible from its western shore: and from the summit of Snaefell mountain, England, is seen fretting in the golden haze across the sea. Small as this island is, it has a government of its own, and a thrilling and eventful history. Hawthorne found it out while he was a consul at Liverpool, and has praised it in his "English Note-Book." Scott gathered material for "Pevesil of the Peak" from its romantic scenery and legends, and Wordsworth commemorated a visit to it in a sonnet.

In its greatest length the island measures about thirty-three miles, and in its greatest breadth about thirteen. In circumference it is seventy-five miles, excluding the sinuosities of the bays; and it contains a superficial area of about one hundred and thirty thousand acres, or two hundred and three square miles. Enjoying the benefits of the Gulf stream, the climate is singularly mild and genial, and there are few other places in the world where the difference between summer and winter is so slight. As to the healthfulness of the climate, you would find proof in the native girls—rosy-cheeked, plump, active and gleeful; and the men are a stalwart, masculine and handsome race as breathe sea air.

Most of the coast is rocky and wild, roar with the foam of the turbulent sea that surrounds it, and indented with capacious harbors and innumerable creeks; but in the north the land sinks into a low pasturage, and meets the water on the glistening pebbly of a smooth beach. The interior includes nearly every kind of natural scenery—heather-clad, balsamic hills, plains richly cultivated, wide reaches of prickly gorse as drear as Yorkshire moors, and the prettiest of cascades. The enchantment of northern land dwells in its subdued light and on its mist-crowned heights.

Sleepy villages are perched on the cliffs where once the beacon-fires of the wreckers allured many a goodly ship to her doom. In the bays where the pirates hid themselves of old, fly the white sails of pleasure boats. The present invaders are not Romans, Picts nor Scandinavians, but aggressive tourists, bearing knapsacks instead of [illegible] and walking-sticks instead of javelins. These confront you in nearly every [illegible] of the island; and the primitive character of the natives is fast changing under the influence of the town [illegible] which the visitors bring with [illegible]. Many of the superstitions have laughed away, but there are [illegible] honest folks who yet have faith in mermaids and [illegible]

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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

Register Bruce went on duty Monday and the sun rises about the same. We have yet to hear of the first resignation of the sub ordinates handed in.

The retention of Mr. Isaac N. Cary as Deputy Marshal for the Police Court was a commendable act, alike flattering to Mr. Cary and worthy of Marshal Henry.

The graduation of Miss Lucy E. Moten from the Business College Wednesday night is an evidence of the progress in public sentiment here. Five years ago such a thing was out of the question.

The eulogy on Rev. J. F. W. Ware by William E. Matthews Esq., delivered recently in Boston, has been printed in pamphlet form and a copy of the same has been forwarded to us. We have not yet had opportunity to read it.

We have received, Marriage and Divorce: A sermon, preached at St. Luke's Church Washington, D. C., on Sunday March 23, 1881 by Alex. Crummell. The work is very neatly printed and copies can be ordered by sending fifteen cents to the address of the author 1522 O St., n. w.

INDUSTRIAL WORK AT LINCOLN MISSION.

It is very encouraging for us to speak of the Industrial work that has been done at the Lincoln Mission during this season, with the girls. But we are very sorry to say that nothing has been done for the boys in the way of Industrial work. No one has even spoken of starting work among the boys, but we only hope that something will be done for them next year.

During the past four months, 421 yards of material have been used. The women's class numbering 50 made 100 new garments besides repairing 100 second hand ones.

The women's sewing school closed 4 weeks ago, at which time they were given a surprise lunch by a few ladies of the Congregational Church.

The girls school numbering 140, have made 154 garments and hemmed 100 square yards of cloth. 13 prizes were given to those who hemmed the best. At their last session on May 14th, they were bountifully supplied with cake and lemonade by the lady teachers and their friends.

Miss Babcock has received from friends in the North and in the West $18.54 for this work, 1025 articles of clothing for the poor and $16.00 for the sick.

The Lincoln Mission Band of Hope, a new temperance organization, is in a flourishing condition. It has already large numbers on its roll, 50 having signed the temperance pledge against intoxication liquors, tobacco and swearing.

It has on its list of officers some of the most prominent young ladies of the city. The meetings are held on the 2nd and 4th Monday evenings of each month.

Many of the students of Howard University have lent their aid in making the exercises interesting, by scripture reading and temperance catechism lessons. The ladies are sowing a good foundation in

Mr. Ramsdell in his last issue of the *Republic* brings quite an array of statistics to prove that there are more colored criminals and paupers in this District than white of of the same class, notwithstanding the race of the latter is twice as numerous as that of the former.

This is a proposition which we never thought of disputing; but there is nothing whatever in these statistics or in the reasoning of Mr. Ramsdell to establish his former statement that "there are *fifty thousand* of the sixty thousand Sons of Ham in this District who believe in nothing and yet will not work."

That he makes no reference to this remarkable utterance is conclusive proof that instead of *making out* a case against *fifty thousand* of the colored people of this District he utterly breaks down. Therefore, he seeks to raise another and different issue and to bring in new matter.

While the figures introduced by the *Republic* not only fail to substantiate the claim of its Editor, to which we made and still make objection, they do on the other hand most conclusively establish its utter falsity. Mr. Ramsdell certainly will not dispute his own figures. He says: "The number of arrests during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880 was whites 5,959, colored 5,644—nearly equal as to white and colored or 1½ white to 1 colored, 1 white out of every 20 in population and 1 colored out of *ten and five-tenths.*"

Now assume for the sake of argument that every colored person arrested was either for the crime of *theft* or *pauperism*, and that the 5,644 arrests made the last fiscal year were all of different individuals, no one person being arrested more than once, we have only *one tenth* of the colored population—not *five sixths* of it. In other words, Mr. Ramsdell's charge is that 50, 000 or in round numbers, *fifty sixtieths* of our population, were idlers, whereas the number of arrests as furnished by him shows that only six-sixtieths belong to the criminal classes. He is just short by *forty-four sixtieths* or *forty four thousand* people whom he has enumerated without cause among the thieving classes.

Suppose there is a correspondence between the facts as borne out by the figures and Mr. Ramsdell's former characterization. Then, if the arrest of 5,644 colored people shows that 50,000 out of the 60,000 colored people are thieves, people who won't work etc., by the same reasoning the arrest of 5,959 whites shows that fully 50,000, or nearly one half of the whites of this city, are also thieves and idlers. Mr. Ramsdell must accept his own logic.

Every candid Negro is forced to admit that there is an undue proportion of colored criminals in this community; but we have yet to see any but Mr. Ramsdell who feigns to believe that these criminals are *five sixths* of our population. We would just as soon believe that there was any one else, as to believe that any "colored preacher colored newspaper editor or other person who assumes to speak for the race" "defends, upholds or excuses" the worthless class of the colored people.

That class—it may seem strange to say it—we do not believe to be much larger proportionately than the similar class among the whites, for it is said to be a common thing for some of these criminals when released, to deliberately commit other crimes in order that they may again be arrested and be cared for at the public expense.

When Mr. Ramsdell attacks this class we have no objection. Let him designate *them* but not *five sixths* or even a *majority* of the race living here.

Would it not be better for the preachers and editors to turn in and help me make the worthless class odious instead of defending them—merely because they are negroes.—*Republic*

But while we are spending so much money in punishment of criminals and care of paupers what are we doing to prevent crime and abate pauperism? Are we spending millions of dollars and erecting institutions for prevention, or are we expending our energies upon the cure? If the former, where is it being done?—*Republic*, same ... as above.

In one breath Mr. Ramsdell asks us to help him to make the criminal class *odious* and on the following page he denounces the present system of punishing criminals and advises reformatory measures. He pleads nobly for unfortunate women. We ask him to join us and advise the shopkeepers and tradesmen of this town to break down the color-line, by which respectable colored applicants for work behind the counters, are invariably turned away to loaf and eventually be induced to commit crime?

FAMILIAR TALKS ON SCIENCE.

No. XXI.

[Copyright by Rev. G. Frederick Wright.]

GRAVITATION.

All things tend to come together. The earth attracts the stone which we drop from our hand, and the stone falls. The stone attracted the earth, and the earth fell towards it; but the one is so much smaller than the other that if they both fall equally, the stone must make up for its diminutive size by passing over a vastly greater distance in its fall. The distance which each falls in meeting, multiplied by its mass will produce the same product. If one body were as large as the other, each would fall at equal distance.

The reason why all things do not come together in one common mass is because there are counteracting forces in operation. The moon tends to fall into the earth, and the earth and planets are drawn with great force towards the sun. But the moon and planets are moving so rapidly that they, instead of falling to their centres of attraction, circle around them. The attraction of the earth prevents the moon from flying away from it, just as the strings of a sling to which one holds keep the stone in it within his control. Motion naturally proceeds in straight lines. In the case of the heavenly bodies it is the attraction of gravitation which draws them out of a straight line, and causes them to move in curves. The tendency towards the centre measures the centripetal force. The strength of the tendency of a body in motion to continue in a straight line is the centrifugal force.

According to Professor C. B. Warring, the force naturally exerted between the moon and the earth amounts to more than 200,006 millions of millions of tons; and the attraction between the sun and the earth is 175 times that amount. If the earth was held to the sun by steel wires a quarter of an inch in diameter, they would have to be distributed over the side of the earth next the sun so thickly that a mouse could not crawl between them, so great is the centrifugal force of the earth's motion!

The momentum of the planetary bodies is another instance of stored-up energy. As has been previously stated, the earth moves in its orbit at the rate of 1,000 miles per minute, while a cannon-ball moves but fifteen miles per minute. What an inconceivable amount of force was expended in giving to the earth such a rate of motion! If this motion was suddenly arrested and the energy of its momentum were turned into some other form, how terrific the result! Frequently a cannon-ball on striking a target is made red hot, and a leaden ball is melted by the shock.

Some astromers suppose the heat of the sun is kept up by the concussion of meteors which fall upon its surface. Were the earth itself to fall to the sun the shock would be so great as to furnish the sun its daily supply of heat for a hundred years,

According to Tyndall, the heat which would be developed in arresting the motion of the earth would equal that derived from the combustion of fourteen globes of coal each equal to the earth in magnitude; and if the earth were to fall to the sun the heat developed would equal that derived from the combustion of 5,600 worlds of solid carbon.

Other astronomers, and with greater reason, suppose that the heat of the sun is maintained by the contraction of the sun's volume. The contraction of a globe ... is simply the falling of its particles towards the centre. If all the particles in the sun were to fall but a minute distance towards its centre, even that would produce an immense amount of heat. Were the diameter of the sun to diminish by contraction 220 feet, that would supply the sun with all the heat which radiates from it in a year. Astronomers are inclined to think that the light and heat of the sun are produced in this manner by gravitation.

In a preceding chapter we showed that the sun was the source of nearly all the energy displayed upon the surface of the earth. And now it would appear that the sun's energy is transmuted gravitation

Gravitation is both the simplest and the most universal manifestation of force. It is the great store house of nature's energy. Beyond this we cannot go. Gravitation must have a cause, but it will probly remain among the secrets of the Creator. The power whose perogative it is thus to create physical energy we call God. He must be self-existent, almighty, and eternal. The energies of nature are but transitory exhibitions of his power. These shall perish, but he will remain.

SPIRIT OF THE COLORED PRESS.

The greatest mountain over which the colored race must climb, is that of ignorance and opposition to each other. It is a well established fact that if we were as united as the Germans are in this country we would be better known respected, felt and our force acknowledged. There is not as a rule but little to expect, at our hands as a race, till we shall have sought and found wisdom in union and an honest disposition to work for truth, God and the right.

All enterprises entered into by colored men receive as a rule, a prompt opposition rather than co-operation. As a class they fail, and labor especially, to make others fail.—"Right Way."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Wolham Pilkerton, a colored engineer late of the University of Glasgow is in San Francisco, California on a short stay previous to his departure for Australia to fill his appointment in Queensland. Mr. Pilkerton's college papers are very commendable.—Ex.

There is a colored citizen in Natchitoches, La., named Friday Atkins whose age is 134, having been born in 1747. He is not at all feeble, but makes his own living, having raised last year two bales of cotton each weighing 500 pounds.

Two intelligent, respectable colored girls cow-hided a Cincinnati lawyer last week for insulting them. Plucky lasses!

Mrs. Nancy Wagoner, a centenarian died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Burnes, at No. 466 State street, Chicago a few days ago, 100 years of age. She was born near Hagerstown, Md., but removed from that State about seventy-five years ago. She leaves children who are seventy years of age, and grand children who are fifty. One of her sons, H. O. Wagoner, is a prominent and much respected citizen of Denver, Col.

Hon. Frederick Douglass is rewriting his life. It is thought by many that a collection of his ante-bellum speeches would be one of the best possible contributions he could make to American literature and the history of the anti slavery struggle,

W. H. Young of the Knights of Wise Men arrived in our city this week. He has been organizing lodges at Charlottesville, Staunton and Winchester, Va. and Martinsburg, West Va. Mr. Young is member of the bar, and a candidate for the U. S. Marshalship of Tennessee,

What say the Re-adjuster?

Now the 31,000 Democrats in Virginia, who I think would have the Republican's help should tell us in answer to some of the inquiries, through some Readjuster leaders what we the Republicans may expect. Why I have been more anxious than I would have been, to write these lines, was after having read an article in the Richmond *Whig*, of the 25th inst., under the head of "the black crow" commenting on an article, from the Charlotte *Gazette*. We are not contending for office but for justice. The Readjusters told us two years ago, that they would do great things for us, but when they met in the city of Richmond, they gave us two brooms, one in the State Senate and the other in the House of Delegates. It is true that the judges elected did put a few colored men on juries, but of course, the Readjusters don't claim that as one of their measures, by no possible means; because both Readjuster and Funder judges have to come up now to the requirements of the constitution. Even Judge Christian of the Hustings Court of Richmond does that ... the highest court in this land has ... and that if our State Constitution ...

that if all men are qualified to vote they must act as jurors. Previously, Judge Christian had refused the colored man's petition on that subject. I am in this case as a gentleman was that I knew once who lived or he now lives in the county of Cumberland. He was a candidate for the legislature, he could not make speeches, but he was a wonderful good political worker. There was heavy opposition against him, and at the same time, there were two candidates for congress from that district. As I rode up he (the legislative candidate) was lying on the grass seeming to be in much trouble. Well, Mr. L. said I, how are you getting along; "Well," said he to me, "every thing is right, they are making a great deal of fuss, but you, when you get up to talk don't talk about all these congressmen—they'll be alright, any way. All you have got to do, is to tell them about me, now don't forget that, just tell them about me." Now all the Republicans want to know is what disposition will be made of us by the Democrats in their new departure.

P. K. JONES.

At Miss Carrie Le Count's Expense.

A good story is going the rounds at the expense of Miss Carrie Le Count, the eminent reader, which is likely to render her more cautious in the expression of her unfavorable opinion as to the absent, among strangers. She recently visited Harrisburg, Pa., in the interest of the A. M. E. Church, of which Rev. R. J. M. Long is the pastor, in response to a very general desire, where she scored a professional triumph and caused a financial success. An evening or so after, in the parlor of her host, where she was an honored guest, she was justly receiving the homage due to her merit and social position, when the conversation turned upon Price Williams and his contributions to the Philadelphia *Sunday Press*, before its consolidation with its present management.

Miss Le Count, in her analysis of character and criticisms of composition, strengthened by logic and gemmed with flashes of wit, charmed her hearers into silent admiration as she concisely animadverted upon Mr. Williams and his weekly contributions of "items on the wing." The hushed voices had an oppressive effect, especially as she seemed suddenly to realize that she was in a locality, where the dissected subject had several relatives. Miss Le Count who is an accomplished lady, thinking she had, in the freedom with which she expressed her opinion, wounded the feelings of some of her new acquaintances, was obviously nervous as she gazed toward Mer. Hennie Dickson, who, after being rather loquacious, became sedate and dignified. The popular guest, embarrassed by the delusive situation, fancied that she saw the demure lady charge countenance, in supposed displeasure of what she had heard against Mr. Williams and his methods. Under this impression her uneasiness increased. She drew her chair close to Mrs. David R. Chester, a friend of long standing, when in a whispering and confidential tone she said: "I suppose I have unnecessarily made an enemy of that lady, (Mrs. Dickison), she does not seem to like my opinion of Mr. Williams. I had no idea of wounding the sensibilities of any one, and if I have offended her by my remarks, I am willing to apologize, though I must confess that I have given expression to my sentiments and convictions. Is she a relative of Mr. Williams?" "No," replied Mrs. Chester promptly, "but I am," and then she relapsed into a mixed condition, while the merry twinkle of her friend's eye sported at her perplexity. It was now Miss Le Count's turn to exhibit all the variety of colors which her amazement and confusion excited. As she looked into the face of her friend, the comical aspect of the scene was so forcibly apparent, that both simultaneously convulsed with laughing at the happy issue out of what might been a complicated embarrassment. Miss Le Count, while acknowledging that the joke is justly at her expense, promises not to subject herself to a similar situation—not even for an instant.

MISS TILGHMAN

AT THE LOUISVILLE SAENGERFEST.

Miss Tilghman of Washington, D. C., upon her appearance upon the stage, was greeted with loud applause. Her notes were reached with ease and without apparent effort, and her trill was as sweet and soft as a twitting bird in spring. She justly merited the basket of beautiful flowers which was presented her.—*Right Way.*

Dispatches from Louisville state that the great Musical Festival of that city was a grand success. The numbers were rendered with well nigh perfection, both solo and choruses eliciting unbounded applause. The Choral Society of Cincinnati, sixty members, and Miss A. L. Tilghman, of Washington, D. C., came in for a lion's share of the glory. All honor to the enterprising citizens of Louisville.—*Conservator.*

Miss Tilghman although supplied by nature with but a small portion of mother earth, seems lucky in the possession of a voice of rare clearness and sweetness.

* * * * * * *

Miss Tilghman can return East well pleased. The work demanded of her a great work, but she was from the first to last equal to the task, and when one has heard Mesdames Smith and Meads sing, he will know how high a compliment we have paid Miss Tilghman.

The gem of Thursday evening was "The Flower Girl" by Miss Tilghman, ... not praise it too highly.

... friends from Cincinnati having arrived, the audience was quite a flattering one. The people of Louisville vied with one another in paying homage to the Queen of the Song Festival, Miss Tilghman, and to the Queen City Choral Society.—*Weekly Review.*

A Few Questions to Joyce.

BY QUIZ.

In reading Joyce "Talks to Girls," I was somewhat astonished at her taking up such a subject. Is she proficient in washing and ironing? Is she a good housekeeper and cook? Is she a great lover of children? I have often heard she could not perform a single one of the duties just named. Yet she would advise girls, to do, what she would not do herself. There is an old adage, that says, "Always practice what you preach." Has she practiced what she has been writing? If she has not, it is time she should learn. Suppose she should get married now, and have a family of her own; does she think she could teach them to even sew, when she can not trust her own sewing for examination? I would now advise her to take the advice of one of the girls.

Israel C. M. E. Church.

Mr. Editor:

My attention was directed Sabbath morning May 8th to a letter published in your issue of the previous day, of Rev. C. W. Fitzhugh, for some time pastor of Israel Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, addressed to the Bishops of said connection, in which he announces his withdrawal from said connection, and his reason for so doing and declares his purpose to unite with another branch of the Methodist Family.

Rev. Fitzhugh undoubtedly, is one of the most talented, able and gifted ministers in that connection and that this was so is evident by his being chosen as the editor of their church organ, the "Christian Index," as a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference to be held in England as well as being appointed to the most important charge in that connection.

We have regarded Israel Church as the most intelligent, cultured and liberal of any of the colored Methodist charges in this city. It was a most unfortunate and uncalled for abuse of Episcopal power, arrogant and tyrannical in the extreme on the part of the Bishop or Bishops of the African M. E. Church, which was the occasion of Israel charge withdrawing from that connection and still more unfortunate and unnatural when she connected herself with the Bourbon, Democratic, Rebel concern called the Colored M. E. Church of America and which was effected by deception, fraud and promises which never have and never will be fulfilled. The statements of Rev. Fitzhugh in his letter in regard to that connection having been organized 12 years ago and set apart as an auxiliary to the White M. E. Church south, the importance of an educated and intelligent ministry and that they had made little or no advancement in that regard by "too lucid an example of incapacity and ignorance of their Bishop," is quite likely true.

Having been identified with the M. E. Church for more than fifty years, and being acquainted with and having watched the progress and developements of Methodism among the people of color in this country, on reading Mr. Fitzhugh's letter which was the first intimation I had seen of any friction between the parties; I was immediately prompted to attend services at the Israel Church to see the situation.

When I arrived the preacher had begun his sermon—if such it could be called. The subject I could not conjecture as there was a change of subject nearly every sentence. His style, manner and matter told plainly that he was from the extreme south. I wondered who had placed him in, or how he came to occupy the pulpit before so intelligent and appreciative audience as I saw before me; but my astonishment reached a climax when he informed the audience that he was the representative of the Colored M. E. Church of America, had been sent by the Bishop as their pastor for the year to come and proceeded to eulogize that connection and predict that they were soon to "absorb everything from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico" and took special pains to inform them that his connection "was not a POLITIC church" meaning it was not a political church. This phrase is significant and is a hobby with all the preachers I have met in this connection from the South and throws a flood of light on the aims and purposes of the White Methodists South in that organization, and how thoroughly their people have been impressed with the idea that they must not meddle with or exercise any political rights or privileges, which appears to be the corner stone upon which they are building. The prime object of the whites in the organization of this connection appears to have been to keep the colored people of the South under their influence that they might be controlled and used in the interest of the Democratic Party.

The relation of this connection to the M. E. Church South, is that of a kitchen arrangement where the colored people must keep to themselves take what the whites are disposed to allow, but must obey order and instructions. I don't allege that these were the motives, but judging "a tree by its fruit" I am so blind I can see no other.

"Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

OBSERVER.

Washington, D. C., May 23, 1881.

[To be Continued.]

Storer College Commencement.

MAY 28, 1881.

10 a. m., Meeting of Trustees.
4 p. m., Alumni Address, by William H. Bell.
5 p. m., Concert by Original University Jubilee Singers of New Orleans.

MAY 29,

8. p. m. Sermon to the Students by Rev. S. Curtis of New Hampshire.

MAY 30,

9½ a. m. Anniversary Exercises.
3 p. m. Oration, John Brown, by Fred. Douglass.
5 p. m. Laying of the Corner Stone of Memorial Hall.
8. p. m. Exhibition. Music by Dunmore's Band, Jubilee Singers and College Glee Clubs.

Excursion rates on railroad from the 28 to 31, inclusive.

John Newman,
A. H. Clinton,
Jesse Parker. } Marshals.

Harper's Ferry, W. Va., May 17, 1881.

—Last Sunday morning Bishop Payne delivered at Union Bethel Church a plain and practical discourse in which he dwelt upon the duties of young ministers. After the sermon Mr. A. W. Upshaw, B. D. was ordained deacon. It is thought

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

AGENTS.

Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... G. B. Anderson.
" ..... G. W. Renfro.
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washing on
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

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Wm. L. Freeman, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. D. Dickson, 84½ St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

—Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

LOCAL.

—Capital City Guards Excursion to Tivoli Park.

—The Sunbeam Social Club at Gale's Woods.

—Excursion to Harper's Ferry, all Decoration Day.

—The case of Miss Carrie Lewis was to be taken up last Tuesday.

—First annual picnic of The Washington Cadets at Scheutzen Park Monday, June 13, 1881.

—Dr. Alex. Crummell has been quite ill with an affection of the kidneys. He is much better now.

—The first sermon of Rev. J. W. Stevenson under his new pastorate was delivered Sunday evening.

—Last Sunday afternoon a dinner was given by Mr. M. M. Holland at his residence in honor of Mr. J. P. Green, Esq., of Clevela d, Ohio.

—May s about ending, but the May Feasts are commencing. Bethel had hers Wednesday night and Asbury hers last night.

—Miss Martha Matthews during the progress of examination last Saturday had a sudden fit, from the effects of which she was unconscious for several hours.

—Those of our city readers who purpose "summering it" can do no better than put themselves in correspondence with F. J. Peck, jr., Steward of Lincoln Hall, Camp Hill, Harper's Ferry. Board there is put at the low figure of $4.00 per week, with special rates for families.

—The first official paper which was entered to record by Recorder Fred. Douglass and the first to bear his official signature was the certificate of the incorporation of The Progressive Co-operative Association.

—The Central Baptist Church gives their first Bush Meeting to-morrow at Carlin Springs. Train leaves Potomac Depot at 10:30 a. m.

—The Washington City Cadets have a beautifully engraved certificate for their honorary members.

—D. W. Lewis Esq., who has been elected a delegate to the Gubernatorial Convention which will convene in Richmond 2nd of June was in the city last Tuesday.

—The ladies of the Berean Baptist Church beg leave to inform their friends and the public that on the 2nd and 3rd of June; there will be a strawberry festival held in their Church on 18th Street, bet. L and M streets commencing at eight o'clock.

—Bishop J. J. Clinton of the A. M. E. Zion Church died Tuesday morning.

—J. W. Cole was promoted to class three in the Pension Office last Wednesday, L. A. Lewis to $1,000 per annum.

—A Missionary Society was recently organized by children of the Israel Sunday School as follows; Theophilus Bruce, president. Laura Cross, secretary. Its object is to raise means by which indigent children may be helped and encouraged to attend Sabbath School. The society meets the last Sunday in each month.

—The Methodist Preachers' Meeting will be held in Union Bethel Church the first Monday in June at 11 o'clock a. m.

—The ADVOCATE can be had at J. Othello Farris' Newspaper Emporium 827 Christy avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

—The new ice cream saloon opened by the Mesdames Smallwood, s. w. corner of 13th & M Streets, deserves to be liberally supported by the colored people of that section of the city. It is admirably located for the purpose. If the colored people alone support that as they would Mrs. Herbner or Fussell's, (if they did receive fair treatment at these places,) they will soon enable these enterprising colored ladies to have as creditable a place of business as any one of the many ice cream and confectionary saloons of the city. Mr. Bland had an opportunity to build up a fine saloon some years ago; but he would not do it and the result was that a German built one near Bethel Church. Now support the Mrs. Smallwood as Albers was supported and as Wagner now is, and this new saloon will encourage other individual enterprises.

☞We insert a three line local advertisement for entertainments, at which an admission fee is charged, for twenty-five cents tf.

—The May Festival of the Union Bethel Sunday School, Wednesday night was a success. The Hall was crowded. At 9 o'clock the beautiful ceremony of the crowning of the May Queen took place. Miss Florence Jones, the Queen, was attended by the following maids of honor: Anna Reed, Sarah Smith. Amanda Douglass, Laura Jackson, Carrie Henson, Anna Brooks and Eliza Wilks. Montie Lewis, was Buttercup; Cora Harris, May flower; Genevieve Shorter, Daisy; Rosa Myers as Rosebud; Ida Wilks, Butterfly; Nannie Hyman, Fairy Queen. The Queen was escorted by the following band: Willie Bond, Charles Lee and Stafford Payne, jr.

The next feature of the evening was the winding of the May Pole by the following Masters and Misses: Mamie Prince, Mamie Beckett, Mamie Johnson, Mamie Harris, Hannah Johnson and Dolly Pinkney. Eddie Jones, Frank Davis, Carroll Brooks, Richard Wesley and [illegible]

The whole affair was under the general superintendence of the following committee: Misses Mattie Bowen, C. A. Patterson, Anna Geary. Belle Nickens, Mamie Thomas, Lou Simms and Ida Twine and C. H. Shorter, superintendent, Miss Jackson, presided over the table.

—J. P. Green, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, entertained a small but select audence last Monday night at the 15th St. Presbyterian Church with a lecture on the Character and Public Services of Toussaint L'Ouverture. It was a clear and somewhat elaborate narration of the career of Toussaint from his early life to his death and a masterly analysis of his character. The lecturer gave the opinions of contemporaneous and other writers on the military ability of Toussaint and combatted them with indisputable evidence whenever and wherever they detracted from "The First of the Black."

Mr. Green evidently has given considerable study to his subject and for it deserves to be commended. He is not an orator in a popular sense; he pays more attention to matter than to manner—a good fault.

He was appropriately introduced to the audience by Frederick Douglass. Among the audience were noted Register Bruce, M. R. Delany and Bishop Payne.

—The 10th grand anniversary of Green Mountain Lodge, No. 1477, G. U. O. of O. F., will be held at their Temple on Thursday evening June 2.

—Our Baltimore correspondent's letter did not arrive on time, hence it is delayed until the next week when it will be published in full.

May Festival.

The teachers and officers of Mt. Pisgah A. M. E. Sabbath School held their May Feast and children's entertainment on the evening of the 24th inst. The house was well filled at half past 8 o'clock. Some distinguished white gentlemen and ladies of the Congregational Church were in attendance and seemed to take their full share of enjoyment. At 10:30 Miss Clara Green was crowned Queen and Master Arthur Farris was crowned King. Every one seemed well satisfied. Rev. J. W. Valentine is their pastor and Mr. William R, Laws is their superintendent. The school is now flourishing.

ASCENSION DAY.

SIMON COMMANDERY NO, 1, AT ASBURY M. CHURCH.—SERMON BY D. P. SEATON.

The first public celebration of Ascension Day by the colored Knights Templar of this district will long be remembered, Asbury Church, where it took place has never been more appropriately decorated; the pulpit was completely hidden amid a gay profusion of roses, geraniums, heliotropes and lilies; the panels of the galleries, and the walls below were decorated with evergreen tastefully in triangular shape. The cross which is emblematic of the order was a prominent design, greeting the eye both from the rear of the pulpit and the sides of the choir—even the clock was not forgotten.

The Sir Knights of Simons Commandery were in full regalia officered as follows: Sirs S. H. Morrison, E. C., N. N. Snowden Gen., P. H. Simmons Capt. Gen., J. E. Freeman Prelate, Joseph Harris S. W., John H. Davis, J. W., R. D. Young, Treasurer, F. P. Burgess, Recorder, Cary Parks, St, B., Lewis Kent, Sw. B., R. T. Banner, W., Benjamin Buckner, E. Chase, J. T. C. Brown, Guards, Charles Hunt Sentinel.

The following was the order of exercises: March, by the Organist; Anthem—Make a Joyful Noise, Choir; Lord's Prayer, Prelate and Simon Commandery; Sentence—; Lesson for Ascension Day, 24th Psalm and Acts 1, II; Anthem—The Stone which the builder refused; Apostle's Creed—Prelate and Commandery, Grand Te Deum; Sermon. Rev. D. P. Seaton; Anthem—Glory to God on High; Contribution; Benediction by Rev. E. W. S. Peck.

The music by the choir was quite fine, though Mozart's Gloria was not rendered with the spirit and the shades of expression that it should have received at their hand, and of which they are fully capable. The Te Deum was very well given.

The sermon by Rev. Seaton made a very good impression, for no one can play the orator to better advantage than he. He began by referring to the comparative indifference with which the Church regarded Ascension Day—a day fully as deserving of general commemoras as Christmas, Good Friday and Easter. He said to enlarge on the history of Ascension Day was unnecessary for two reasons. There was a correspondence between his text, Psalm 24th 7th, in its spiritual significance and the events of Ascension Day. Men had higher reasons then Angels for rejoicing on the Ascension of the Saviour. Then he recounted some of the most brilliant achievements of the Knights Templar and closed with a glowing peroration.

The following acted as committee: Sirs J. W. Freeman chairman, C. C. C. Johnson, J. B. Washington, M. H. Robinson, P. H. Simmons, N. E. King and J. E. Freeman.

Wayland.

—L H. Baily, James H. Dennis W. R. Burrill and John W. Terry were the graduates of the Theological department and W. M. Carter Belle B. Curtis, James A. Dennis, [illegible] R. Garris. Lavana James, [illegible] L. Lassiter, Fountain Peyton John G. Price, Florence E. Smith, Wm. D. Thompson, John W. Terry and Hart A. Wayland were the graduates of the Normal department of the Wayland Seminary. The services came off at the 19 St. Baptist church Wednesday. The Wayland prizes was also awarded.

The drawing exhibition of the colored schools came off at Sumner Building Friday and Saturday 20th. and 21st, inst. and was altogether of a different nature from that of previous years and decidedly more interesting. The method of teaching drawing was exhibited instead of specimens on which much time and labor had been spent. Certain teachers were assigned for the different grades and to pupils from different schools, recitations in drawing were conducted as they are carried on day by day by teachers in the ordinary course of study. Each teacher had eight pupils under her control, assignments being made by Mr Thomas M. Hunster.

The following shows the course now carried on.

1st. grade—the drawing of straight lines and rectilinear figures from dictation.

2nd. grade—straight and curved lines, and with their combinations and figures.

3rd.—designs of rectangular and curvilinear figures. Map drawing begins.

4th.—the studies of the preceding grade advanced to more complicated figures.

5th.— " " "

6th.—model and object drawing begins, based on the cylinder and the cone.

7th.—model and object drawing continued.

8th.—drawing from the models themselves.

In the High school model and mathematical drawing is studied while the usual mechanical instruments, compasses, scales etc. are brought into requisition by which exact proportions are attained.

Mr. Hunster had charge of the instruction in the High school; This is but a brief outline of the work as now conducted. Pupils from the High school should be prepared to enter an architect or draughtsman's office and from the start do fair work. There were also on exhibition many creditable specimens of the pupils' work. As comparisons are odious names will be omitted.

G. U. O. of O. F.

Communications for this column should be addressed to "ODD FELLOWS' COLUMN," PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE

Brief communications and inquiries for this column are invited. It is, as its name implies, devoted to the interests of the order.—Ed.

BROTHERLY LOVE LODGE No. 896. J. L. Thomas, P. S. No. 106 Short st, Harrisburg, Pa. Every Monday evening Eby's Building Market st. near 6th. dec25 1y

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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METROPOLITAN LODGE, No. 125, K. of W. M. 1st and 3rd Mondays, 7th Street n. w., J. W. Cromwell, E. A., Dr. S. L, Cook G. S. and Medical Examiner.

G. U. O. of O. F.

Virtu Lodge, No. 1616, G. U. Order of O. F., celebrated its sixth anniversary last Monday. There was a grand parade of the lodge in the afternoon and an address suitable to the occasion was delivered at Metropolitan Hall by Mr. B. B. Goines. In the evening an entertainment was given at the hall by Household of Ruth, which was largely attended and extremely pleasant.—*Raleigh Banner.*

LOUISIANA DISTRICT LODGE NO. 21.

M. V. P., E. J. Holmes, New Orleans, District Master; P. N. F. Anatole Parnelle' Thibodeaux, D. D. M; J. P. Gaudet, New Orleans, District and Cor. Secretary; P. G. M. Daniel Holland New Orleans, Dist. Treasurer; P. N. F. James H. Lowrey Plaquemine, Dist. Chaplain; P. N. F., J. W. Burns, New Orleans Dist. Warden; P. N. F., A. G. Jones, Napoleonville Dist. Guardian; P. N. F., B. J. Hankin, Bayou Boeuf. Dist Marshal.

The Literary Revolution is prompt with its edition of the Revised Testament. The British monopolists "unchained" their edition on the morning of May 20th, and at 8:30 P. M., the same day, the American edition was all in type, and of the various editions of the entire Testament and the Gospels published separately as many as 50,000 copies a day will be manufactured till the demand is met. The prices for the very handsome editions, in type nearly double the size of the British edition, are as follows:

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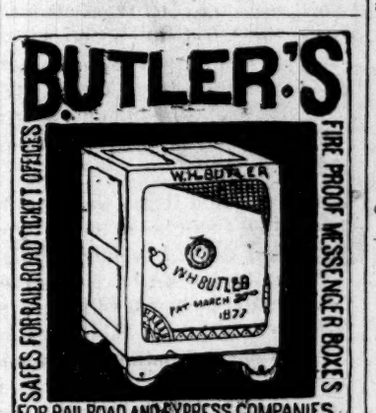

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N. MACKEY,
[illegible]

THE NEWS.

Col. Thomas A. Scott, ex-president of the Pennsylvania and other railroads, died at an early hour on May 21st at his country seat near Philadelphia.

If Col. Cole's railway combination—embracing the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, Memphis and Charleston and other lines—goes into effect, as now seems certain, trains will be run through from Knoxville to Charleston next winter.

Gen. Wm. H. Erench died in Washington after an illness of a few hours.

Long lines of express wagons were backed up in front of the English publishing house agency in New York from an early hour in the morning, receiving packages of the English edition of the revised Testament, orders for the work being unparalleled.

A Memphis dispatch says that Chancelor Williams, at Winchester, Tenn., issued a fiat enjoining the State officers from funding Tennessee bonds under the recent funding law of the State Legislature.

New Jersey farmers are bewailing the reappearance of potato bugs. The army worm is also creating consternation, particularly among the Jersey market-gardners. Thousands of early plants have been destroyed.

In La Salle county, Tex., a squad of State rangers had a desperate fight with a band of thirty outlaws. The latter were defeated and two of them captured. One ranger was killed.

Roach's New York and Brazil line of steamers has been starved out. Neither the United States nor Brazil would give it any sustenance in the shape of subsidies.

A fire in the town of Talbottom, Ga., destroyed all the portion of that town west of the public souare, laying in ashes ten stores and three offices,

Ex-Postmaster Boyd, of Houlton, Me., has been arrested for robbing the post-office of money letters. He acknowledged his guilt.

Judge M. H. Cofer, chief justic of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, died at Louisville, aged forty-nine years.

A dispatch to the Nashville *American* from Winchester, Tenn., says: "The judge who was reported to have granted an injunction restraining the funding board from proceeding with the funding of the State debt has taken no action whatever in the matter, and no bill has been filed.

The centennial celebration of the capture of Fort Galphin, Ga., from the British, during the revolutionary war, by the Americans, under Gen. Henry Lee, was a grand and noble affair.

A quarter of the business portion of Saline, Mich., was destroyed by fire. Loss, $30,000.

There is much talk over the adjournment of the Senate without the election of a president pro. tem., and discussion as to what course would have to be [illegible] should the President and Vice President both die.

The latest sensation in Georgia is the appearance of clouds of locusts in various sections of the state. In middle Georgia especially they are very numerous, and much speculation is indulged in as to the probable result of the visitation.

The investigation set on foot by Secretary Windom relative to expenditures by the superintendent of the treasury building for furniture, stationery, horses, etc., promises interesting disclosures. Thus far it is shown that purchases made have been loose and extravagant.

Adroit thieves succeeded recently in walking off from the office of D. Fahnestock & Co., Baltimore brokers, South street, with negotiable securities valued at $10,000.

At Lompoc, Santa Barbara county, Cal., the only liquor saloon in town was blown to atoms by a large bomb. There was no one in the building at the time. Lompoc is a temperance colony, and this is the second saloon destroyed there by gunpowder.

President Phinzy, of the Georgia Railroad, is authority for the information that $1,000,000 has been deposited as security for the lease of the Georgia Road. Wm. M. Wadley, president of the Georgia Central Railroad, and the Louisville and Nashville Road are the joint lessees.

The failure of Creswell, La Laune & Co., wholesale drygoods dealers, Philadelphia, is announced, with liabilities estimated at $200,000.

It is reported at Galveston, Texas, that Jay Gould has obtained possession of the Galveston, Houston and Henderson Railway.

A severe hailstorm, two miles in width, has destroyed all the growing crops and fruit in its path near Plano, Texas.

President Garfield, Secretaries Blaine, Windom and Kirkwood, Gov. Kirkwood and staff, with heads of Pennsylvania State departments and members of the Legislature, will participate in Decoration Day exercises at Gettysburg. Hon. J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, will deliver the address.

Francis Lightfoot Lee, a member of the distinguished Lee family of Virginia, a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, died in Philadelphia from consumption, aged forty-one years.

At Memphis, Tenn., the boiler in the foundry of T. L. Risk & Co., exploded, killing W. H. Holder and Edward Hopkins, and seriously injured Frank Cubbins, Jno Adams and Jno. Hoyle. The engineer in charge at the time of the accident was a youth of 15 years.

The construction of a railroad from Pensacola, Fla., east to Chattahoochie, connecting with the Georgia and Florida system, has been definitely decided upon and work will soon be commenced.

Twenty-five or thirty men went to Morgantown, Fannin county, Ga., while the Superior Court was in session, and [illegible] in the wall of the jail and released prisoners charged with violations of the [illegible] revenue laws.

[illegible]ton, the attending physician, [illegible] that the crisis has been [illegible] and that [illegible] are convalescent.

there is no longer any doubt of her recovery.

A writ was served on the comptroller of Tennessee, enjoining him as a member of the funding board from funding the State debt at 100.3.

There is great excitement at Fon du Lac, Wis., over the failure of R. A. Baker's bank. The loss will be over $300,000. Baker was owner and Burroughs cashier. Both have been arrested. The people pulled revolvers on Burroughs and tried to shoot him. The city will lose $40,000, ruining the city treasurer, C. J. Perrion.

The last of new stock ($400,000) of the Enterprise cotton factory, Augusta, Ga., has been taken. The work of enlarging the mill will be begun at once.

M. P. Key, of Huntsville, Ala., has just received a patent for a gun which has the capacity of firing 3,000 shots per minute.

The Eads contract was approved by both houses of the Mexican Congress.

The seizure of ten illicit distilleries, three in Habersham, four in Rabun, one in White and two in Cherokee counties, Ga., are reported. About 13,000 gallons of mash and beer were destroyed.

It is rumered in railroad circles that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have obtained through purchase control of the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railroad.

The bronze statute of Admiral Farragut was unveiled in Madison Square, New York, before a large assemblage.

Efforts are being made in New Hamp shire to change the divorce laws, tha divorces may be made much more diffi cult of attainment.

News was received of the destruction by fire of Harrison, the county seat of Boone county, Kan. The business portion of the place was almost entirely destroyed. Loss $25,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Sultan has pronounced the deposition of the Bey of Tunis, but accepts the situation, as France is determined to uphold him.—The Governor of Charkoff, Russia, issued a proclamation forbidding the persecution of the Jews. Many of the unfortunate people are emigrating to the United States.—The Paris irreconcilables passed resolutions in favor of the triumph of the revolutionists in Russia.—Fighting has begun between the Kaffirs and the Boers.—The coronation of King Charles of Roumania has been confirmed.

The Russian revolutionists have answered the Czar's manifesto by a second utterance demanding that he listen to the wishes of the people in an unprejudiced spirit.—A communist editor at Copenhagen has been arrested for suggesting the murder of the King of Denmark.—Garibaldi says the treaty with the Bey of Tunis effaces his good opinion of the French republic. The treaty was ratified by the French Chamber of Deputies.—The government of Sweden is alarmed at the vast emigration from that country.—Riots against the Jews are still reported in various places in Russia.—The recent expulsion of an English Jew from St. Petersburg has been brought to the attention of the British government.—Thirty blacks have been finally sentenced to death for participating in the Santa Cruz (W. I.) revolt.

The recent arrests in Ireland gave rise to a spirited debate in the British Parliament.—Over a thousand amendments have been prepared for the land bill.—A British vessel has been searched by a French man-of-war in the Mediterranean.—A crisis seems to be developing in the Russian cotton trade.—A rich landowner in Roumelia has been captured by brigands, who demand £6,000 ransom.—The preliminary examination of Midhat Pasha, accused of complicity in the murder of Abdul-Aziz, has been commenced at Constantinople.—The excursion steamer Victoria was wrecked near London, Ontario, and about 175 men, women and children were drowned.

Herr Johann Most, publisher of the socialist *Journal Freheit*, in London has been convicted of inciting to murder.—An illicit manufactory of bombs has been discovered at Montrouge, near Paris.—Bismarck thinks the scrutin de liste in France will be of more advantage to the clerical party than Gambetta imagined.—Mr. Parnell is ill.—Brazil is experiencing a financial panic, which has been brought about mainly by an attempt made by the merchants and dealers to curtail the credit system.

Subjects of Thought.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

If we would be strong, let us bear in silence, for in silence we not only grow strong, but also test our strength.

Selfishness, though refined, is still but selfishness, and refinement ought never to interfere with doing good in the world as it exists. It is not desirable to appeal early to this feeling, or perhaps ever directly to cultivate it.

Show us a man who has a lively vein of humor in his composition, and we will show you the man who is full of sentiment, whose heart is tender and sympathetic, and who is ever ready to lend a helping hand to fellow-travelers on life's highway. Humor, sentiment and charity are the three golden links that bind the paragraphic fraternity together.

You may bind a bird with a soft silken cord, and while he remains still he will not be sensible of his confinement; but as soon as he attempts to fly he will feel the cord that confines him; and the greater his desire and efforts to escape, the more sensible will he be of his bondage. So the sinner will long be a slave to his sins, and never be aware of it till he rises to go to Christ.

True religion is not merely a winter-time experience. It is a perennial and an eternal life. It is not a something which mysteriously drops down out of the skies full-blown; it comes by an exercise of the will, by intelligent quest, by an increasing faith; and when it comes it comes to stay, not for a season, not as a guest with whom you are to have a few feasts, and then inevitably separate, expecting another visit the next winter, or at the next camp-meeting. Such ephemeral enthusiasm as merely feels good and shouts, is not the abiding Christ. Be sure that you are converted.

HUMOROUS.

"Marie! what's that strange noise at the gate?" "Cats, sir." "Cats! Well, when I was young cats didn't wear stove-pipe hats and smoke cigars." "Times are changed, sir."

"Mamma," said a five-year old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

Said a parent to his little son who had committed some act of indiscretion: "Do you know that I am going to whip you?" "Yes," said the boy, "I suppose you are, because you are bigger than I am!"

Wasn't it rough on Ella, just as she was telling Frederick, at lunch, how ethereal her appetite was, to have the cook bawl out, "Say, will ye have yer pork and beans now, or wait till yer feller's gone?"

In struggling to make a dull boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked: "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "Oh, either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left.

Scene in a police court: "Prisoner, how many barrels of potatoes did you say you stole?" "Seven, yer honor, three yesterday, and two to-day." "Well, but that's only five." "Och, sure I'm going for the others when I git out of this."

"Been having your boots half-soled?" asked Tom. "Well, yes," said Ben, who is looking a little seedy, "but they're not half s'old as my hat." And it was three o'clock the next afternoon before Tom understood just what he meant by it.

A London servant girl is represented as saying: "Hard weather, indeed, sir. I wish the Lord would take the weather in his own hands again, instead of trusting it to them Yankee probability men. We might then get something fit to live in."

Teacher—"What is meant by ships crossing the line?" Scholar—"When they sail over the equator." "Do you know any other line at sea besides the equator?" "Yes, sir; there's the Anchor line, and the Cunard line, and the Allen line, and several others."

The minister asked the Sunday-school: "With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay the Philistines?" For awhile there was no answer, and the minister, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying: "What's this—what's this?" Quick as thought a little fellow quite innocently replied: "The jawbone of an ass, sir."

No Experiment.

A very rich old man had married a young wife and died suddenly, on which the widow raved like a maniac and exclaimed to the doctor who stood by the bedside of the deceased: "Oh, I'll not believe that my dear partner is dead; he could not die and leave me! No, no! he's alive—I'm sure he's alive! Tell me, doctor, don't you think so?" "Madam," replied the medical man, with much gravity, "I confess that it is possible that he may be revived. I will apply the galvanic battery." "Oh, no, no!" cried the grief-stricken widow. "Hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiment against the law of nature. Let him rest in peace."

(Cincinnati Irish Citizen.)

Mr. John Miller, of 54 West Fifth streets tells us that he was cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil of a complicated case of rheumatism of ten years standing.

It may be well to state, for the information of amateur artists, that plaster casts of royal personages are not made of court plaster.

Great Merit

All the fairs give the first premiums and special awards of great merit to Hop Bitters as the purest and best family medicine, and we most heartily approve of the awards for we know they deserve it. They are now on exhibition at the State Fairs, and we advise all to test them. See another column.

The clothes of navigation that you hear spoken of consists of a coat of ice.

Vegetine.

JUST WHAT I NEEDED.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 4, 1879.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir: I have, in the spring of the year, a faint, sinking feeling in the stomach, and this spring have been so weak that I felt the need of something. A friend who had used the Vegetine advised me to take some. I did so, and it proved to be just what I needed. It builds the whole system up, and makes one feel like a new person.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. ELIZABETH PORTER,
126 Chestnut street.

Rheumatism, Indigestion.

BALTIMORE, MD., April 29, 1879.

Dear Sir: I have been suffering from Rheumatism and Indigestion for over two years, and since I have commenced taking your Vegetine I have received great benefit. I have taken but two bottles, and I think with the aid of a few more I will be restored to my health again. I can recommend the Vegetine for what it has done for me.

Respectfully yours,
MRS. E. J. LEWIS,
119 N. High street.

Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and General Debility.

BOSTON, MASS., May 11, 1879.

MR. JOSEPH R. GROSE:

Dear Sir: Your cordial recommendation of Vegetine as a Spring Medicine and Blood Purifier induced me to give it a thorough trial, and I candidly admit that in my experience it is all you have claimed for it. My daughter has always been afflicted with Scrofula Humor in a very severe form, and particularly in spring was badly troubled with Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and General Debility. The Vegetine had the desired effect, and we are never without it. Its success was so apparent in this case that many of my friends and relatives have also tried it, with general satisfaction. And further information will be cheerfully given by

Yours truly,
GEO. R. WILLIAMS,
Health Department, City Hall.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

BUGGIES [illegible]

(Mondovi, (Wis.) Buffalo Co., Herald.)

Notins of the First Settlers

Mr. W. H. H. Amidon, one of the first settlers in the town of Gilmantown, Wis., and one of the most industrious and hard working men in the county, has been very severely troubled with rheumatic pains during the past few years, so much at times, that he was disabled from performing manual labor. Learning of the wonderful cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil he procured a few bottles and experienced immediate relief. Many others of our acquaintances have used it and express themselves as highly gratified, with the relief it has afforded them. This king of medicines can be bought everywhere.

I Could Never Have Done

my household duties had I not been strengthened and sustained by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. MRS. C. V. CALHOUN, N. York.

"I went to see the steeple-chase," said Tom. "Did you?" responded Johnny. "Well, what did the steeple chase?"

Truth and Soberness.

What is the best family medicine in the world to regulate the bowels, purify the blood, remove costiveness and billiousness, aid digestion and stimulate the whole system?

Truth and soberness compels us to answer, Hop Bitters, being pure, perfect and harmless. See "Truths" in another column.

On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he replied, "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

THOUSANDS will bear testimony (and do it voluntarily) that VEGETINE is the best medical compound yet placed before the public for renovating and purifying the blood, eradicating all humors, impurities or poisonous secretions from the system, invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by disease; in fact, it is, as many have called it, "The Great Health Restorer."

Why is a joke that is acidulous not good? Because the cream of a joke should never be sour.

It is a fact that horse dealers are buying horses with ringbones and spavins because they can make money by using "Kendall's Spavin Cure. Read the Advertisement.

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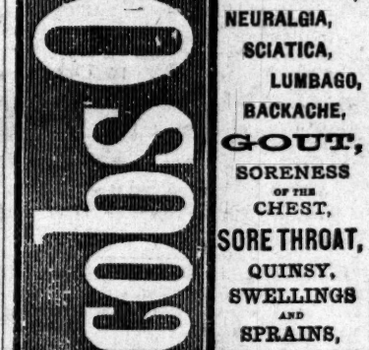

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SIX CTS [illegible]

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